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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Sacred History of the World, as displayed in the Creation and subsequent Events to the Deluge, attempted to be philosophically considered, in a Series of Letters to a Son. By Sharon Turner, F.S.A. &c. 8vo. pp. 520. London, 1832. Longman and Co.

"To have any solicitude about criticism on the present publication, would be absurd and unbecoming on such a subject. Not a line has been written with any reference to human reputation; and if that had presented itself as the actuating motive to its composition, not a line ought to have been written on the themes of this work for the purpose of obtaining it. But it is the duty of every author, in all his publications, to execute every part with his best care and ability. He expects this attention from others, and should never be deficient in it in his own publications. This duty has not been neglected in the ensuing pages. In these it has been a constant endeavour to collect authenticated facts—to state them fairly—to reason correctly about them—to express the natural feelings which have arisen as they were contemplated—and to make the general composition perspicuous, readable, and, if possible, not uninteresting. The first wish was to be serviceable to those in whose welfare the author is more immediately concerned. The larger hope has been added to this, that what should eventually be useful to them, might not be unacceptable to others. We have all arisen to sentient being, in the mighty system of which we are a part. Progression and happiness are desired and pursued, and are attainable by all. The varying ocean of human life is the present scene, in which these are to be acquired, so long as we remain in it. Here, also, we are to fit and prepare ourselves for securing the continuation of these blessings, in the unknown regions of ethereal space, into which we are all passing. The Lord of this World is the Sovereign of every other; and this consideration makes it important to us to gain the fullest knowledge of His mind, ideas, and feelings, that we can obtain from His creations around us, and from all the sources through which He has communicated them to us. If the following work shall, in its present essay or future progress, assist any to form right conceptions and exhilarating hopes of this stupendous Being—so awful, yet so good—so invisible, and yet so manifest; and of His moral arrangements and conduct of human affairs, and of His ulterior destination of His improvable creatures—the main object of its author will be fully and pleasingly accomplished."

Such are the views and the means of the excellent author of this beneficent work, admirably fitted, with its promised sequel,* to con-

clude the literary labours of a well-spent life. The mass of intelligence accumulated during many years, and the extent of reasoning which are both exhibited in this volume, render any thing like a sufficient review of it within our limits, impossible. We can only say, that it is full of matter which the wise must esteem, which the good must approve, and which must benefit the minds of old and young. The design is most laudable, and the execution such as was to be anticipated from the industry and ability of Mr. Turner.

The outline is as follows:—Mr. T. commences with the creation of the earth, and its various important phenomena. He then proceeds with the formation of the planetary system; and returning to our own planet, enters upon the interesting subject of vegetation, the uses of plants, their diffusion, their living principle, and their primeval remains. His next inquiry is to the creation of fishes, their habits, and qualities. Birds, and quadrupeds, and serpents, and insects, being then examined and displayed, we are led upwards to the consideration of man, whose history is traced from the beginning to the Deluge. The whole is applied to virtuous precepts, and to an impression of the love of the Creator in the souls of the created.

"Fact and sound reasoning (it is remarked as a first principle) should always agree and illustrate each other. If our facts and our reasonings do not concur, one of these must be erroneous. And as in all revealed truths, what is revealed must be true, if that is found to be at variance with our intellectual deductions, the mistake must be in our reasoning or in our inferences. While this discrepancy lasts, we may be sure that we have not hit upon the right solution. However ingenious or plausible our argumentations may be, we have missed the just theory; we have not found the real key; we have not penetrated to the law and principle from which the revealed facts have proceeded, and from which alone the full comprehension of them can be derived."

We may add, as an example of the way in which this argument is developed, the subjoined quotation.

"If the material world had been one uniform homogeneous mass, its eternal existence would have been always a possibility. It would then not have contained any evidence in itself to contradict the supposition. But the actual fact is, that all visible nature is a multifarious association of very compounded substances. Nothing is simple—nothing is uncompounded. Every thing we see, feel, or handle, is a composition, a mixture or union of more particles or of more elements than one. Not merely the grosser earthly bodies are so,

and by their influences are principally formed; but all these are obeying a constant though invisible sovereignty, which is continually producing, amid every counteraction, a steady but gradual progression and melioration. Few question now this result, though some may differ as to the cause. The operating cause will, however, become more manifest to our judgment, if we take the Sacred History of the world into our philosophical consideration."

but even the water, the air, and the light, are in this compounded state. Now, it is impossible that any compound can have been eternally a compound. Composition and eternity are as incompatible, as to be and not to be. The particles of which compounds consist, must have been in some other state before they were compounded together. The single condition of the elements must have preceded their union in the composition; and thus it is physically impossible that a compound can have been eternal. The school-boy perceives at once that his plum-cake cannot have been eternal. The plums, the flour, the butter, the eggs, and the sugar, of which it is composed, must have been in some other places and state, before they were brought together to make the substance which gratifies him. So the mighty World we live on, the rocks, the mountains, the minerals—so every substance around us, animate and inanimate,—cannot have been eternal, because every one is a combination of numerous particles, usually very heterogeneous, and the primary elements of each must have been in their elementary state, and in some other position, before they moved and joined into their compound one.

"The annual circuit, or a year, which is the completed orbit of the earth round this luminary, could not take place without a sun; but a day requires the existence and revolving motion of the earth alone. This is mentioned by Moses as beginning before the sun was made the centre of our astronomical system. As this fact denotes the diurnal movement to be distinct from the sun, and independent of it, it is another instance of the correctness of the Mosaic account. The first rotation of the earth round its own axis made the interval of the first day, and each subsequent revolution constituted the several days which succeeded. Our planet might cease to turn round in this diurnal continuity, and might yet circle round the sun in its yearly course. The moon moves in this way about our earth; for it has no rotatory motion. The cause of our earth's revolving round its axis, is quite distinct from the double and mutually counteracting forces which produce its annual orbit. Physics have not discovered, nor can rational conjecture assign, any reason for the diurnal rotation, except the commanding will and exerted power of the divine Creator."

On comets,* the author observes—

"If we knew their uses in our system, we could form more probable conjectures as to the chronology of their creation. They have been noticed from the earliest era of astronomical history; and if our modern philosophers had not discovered that some, at least, leave us to return again into our system, and therefore describe a vast elliptical orbit round our sun, we might have fancied that the periods of their first recorded appearances in our field of science were the eras of their individual formation.

* Appropos: we are informed that Sir James South has seen the comet from his observatory at Kensington.—Ed. L. G.

* "If (he says) sufficient strength and opportunity should still accompany his remaining life, the author desires to pursue this important subject, in that series of events and operations, which, after the renewal of mankind, became more immediately connected with their economy, condition, politics, and destinies, under the present laws and state of their existence. It is among these we must act,

But their recurring presence proves that their first existence ascends into unexplored and unrecorded antiquity. Yet from whence they come to us, we as little know, as for what purpose. Tycho Brahe proved that they were farther from the earth than the moon, and were nearly as distant as the planets. The comet of 1682 reappeared in 1759, having in the interval described an orbit like an ellipsis, answering to a revolution of 27,937 days. It will therefore reappear in November 1835, or four years hence. In its greatest distance, it is supposed not to go above twice as far as Uranus. This is indeed a prodigious sweep of space; and it has been justly observed, that the vast distance to which some comets roam, proves how very far the attraction of the sun extends; for though they stretch themselves to such depths in the abyss of space, yet, by virtue of the solar power, they return into its effulgence. But it has been recently discovered that three comets, at least, never leave the planetary system. One, whose period is three years and a quarter, is included within the orb of Jupiter; another, of six years and three quarters, extends not so far as Saturn; and a third, of twenty years, is found not to pass beyond the circuit of Uranus."

One specimen from the branch of natural history must suffice:

"The general character of fish is not that of voracity and hostility. It is gentleness, harmlessness, sociality, and animation. They are peaceful animals; happy in themselves, and for the most part harmonising together, without any general display of savage cruelty or malignant passions. Such as are appointed to be the food of others, die in that way, and are sought and taken for that purpose, when the appetite actuates, but no farther. But they cannot be justly stigmatised as voracious for this habit, more than ourselves for taking and eating them and cattle, sheep, fowls, game, venison, and other living creatures. We are carnivorous, but not voracious. We kill and cook the animals we feed on; but we have no malice, or ill-will, or hostility in such action or diet, any more than in plucking the apple, grinding the corn, or boiling the potato. It is, therefore, unjust to impute peculiar voracity and destructiveness to these tribes, because some feed on smaller fish, and others on the molluscs, worms, and insects that they find. These latter animals appear to be as specially provided for such as use them, as slugs and caterpillars are for birds, and grass for cattle; for, at particular seasons, the ocean is made to swarm with them, for no other visible purpose than that the fish may derive nutrition from them. The molluscs, which supply so many of the natives of the sea with their subsistence, are therefore endowed with a power of multiplication which, as in several other cases, astonishes us by its amount. It is the abundance of these petty invertebrate animals, of various species, so sedulously provided for the nutriment of the fish, which constitutes that luminous appearance, or phosphorescence of the sea, which so often surprises and delights the mariner on his watch in his nightly navigation. If some species of fish are always eating, which is not by any means an authenticated fact, they would but resemble the gaminivorous quadrupeds, who pass their day in browsing and in resting rumination; neither can be fitly branded as voracious in such perpetual mastication; for what animal is milder or more inoffensive than the tranquil, though ever-eating cow, who takes 100 lbs. of grass in a day? But there are some facts which indicate that the fish have been much misconceived in this respect; and that however it may be

with some particular classes, or at particular seasons, the far greater number take less food, and live with pleasure, and apparently from choice, longer without any ascertainable quantity of it, than any other tribes of animals that we know of. 'The gold and silver fish in our vases seem never to want any food; they are often seen for months without any apparent nourishment.' Even the pike, which has been so much branded as a devouring glutton, fattens on total abstinence. The salmon, although it comes in such multitudes from the ocean into the rivers, yet, when opened, is never found to have any nutritive substance in its stomach; an evidence of their taking none in that period of their existence; for the herrings, when they shoal, are found, on being opened, to have fed largely on the sea-caterpillar in their voyage. The lamprey tribe are confessedly small, or no eaters. Many facts of this sort will be recollected by the intelligent naturalist, which will lead him to inquire, whether the great majority of the finny world do not, for the larger part of their existence, content themselves with the nutrition they extract from water alone, without any additional substance."

"The mild and harmless character of the fish class of being, in its general prevalence, is impressively exhibited by most of its largest tribes. The great Greenland whale 'pursues no other animal; leads an inoffensive life; and is harmless in proportion to its strength to do mischief.' The massy sturgeon is of the same gentle nature. The formidable narwhal, or sea unicorn, with all its size and powerful weapon of offence, displays the same disposition. The Oronooko manati, which has been found so huge in bulk, that twenty-seven men could not draw it out of the water, and the others of this tribe, of which some are twenty-eight feet long, and weigh eight thousand pounds, are likewise gentle and peaceable animals. These mightier chiefs of the finny nation are the true representatives of its general character. All are for the most part the same mild, playful, animated and unoffending beings; and have been so designed and organised, habited and stationed, as to be continually of this placid temperament."

Inclined to be pleased with all nature, Mr. Turner says:

"It has been ascertained that the oviparous serpents contain those species which are harmless and inoffensive. Even the oviparous vipers have no fangs, and possess no venom. 'They only offer to our consideration agile movements, elegant and light proportions, and soft or brilliant colours. The more we are familiarised to them, the more we shall be pleased to meet with them in our woods, our fields, and our gardens. They cannot disturb the pleasures of our rural habitations; but they may increase our enjoyments, by the beauty of their tints, and the vivacity of their motions. They are an addition to the ornaments of the fields; and help, with the other animated beings, to embellish the vast and magnificent theatre of vernal nature.' The green and yellow viper may be seized without risk; and, after being taken, it becomes docile, and can in a great degree be domesticated and made amusive. Though in its natural state, it will, if interrupted, erect itself and hiss, either with anger or fear, yet it does no harm. It has been known to exhibit attachment and affectionate feelings to its human friends. The Roman or Esculapian viper is as mild and tractable. The lady viper unites the same attractive temper with a superior beauty of form and colour. The boiga has a still more magnificent appearance, with the same acqui-

esting gentleness, and with an attempt at a musical intonation of the serpentine hiss."

Having so far illustrated our amiable author, we must notice that several inaccuracies and inconclusive arguments have struck us even in our hurried glance. The following is evidently a misprint.

"Our earth is above ninety millions of miles from the sun; Saturn is above eight hundred more miles farther off; and the next and most remote that we know, which is connected with us, the Uranus, is twice that mighty distance."

Again, the author says:

"The permanent existence of things as they are, is as great a miracle as their original formation. It is their artificial, and not their natural state; and a continued Divine agency is as strictly necessary to keep them in it, as it was to compel them at first to assume it. The Divine agency is, therefore, as much a principle or law of subsisting nature, as any of its secondary or material ones."

To us it appears that the original will and fiat are sufficient. But why should we enlarge on trifles like these, or on any small objections to a production altogether so valuable as this series of letters on the most important of all human subjects? To all we most cordially recommend it.

Poems. By W. C. Bryant, an American Poet. Edited by Washington Irving. 8vo. pp. 236. London, 1832. Andrews.

We cannot better characterise poetry than in Shelley's fine lines, and say that it

"Flows through the mind, and rolls its rapid waves—
Now dark, now glittering, now reflecting gloom,
Now lending splendour—where, from secret springs,
The source of human thought its tribute brings."

This glorious fountain has sprung up in all parts of the world—in Greece, amid olive and myrtle groves, mirroring the shine of the spear and shield in the distance, or the braided hair and chiselled features of nearer loveliness, bearing on its stream the ringing of the trumpet and the murmur of the lyre. It has flowed on even unto our present time, with the names of Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, as landmarks; and what is there to prevent the current of inspiration from crossing the Atlantic, realising the classic fable—an Alpheus wandering to another shore, and there finding an Arethusa of love and song? Beautiful with its mighty rivers and its immeasurable forests—and with the memory of a noble and perished race—but buoyant with the hopes of present freedom and conscious power—with an enlightened and ardent spirit—America's national poetry should be among the noblest in the world. As yet, no great poet has arisen to give light and existence to the

"Legion of wild thoughts, whose wandering wings
Now float above her darkness."

But surely there are the signs of a spring-tide at hand—the rich soil is saturate with moisture, and the silver waters wait but an impulse to gush forth. A world of fresh and eager thought, of deep and impassioned feeling, is to be found in the occasional poetry of the American newspapers; and there is that poetical feeling abroad, which, though born of, nevertheless precedes, poetry, and to which may be so well applied the description of Aurora in Racine—

"Fille de jour, qui nais devant ton père."

The present volume is by a Transatlantic writer, here favourably known as the author of much beautiful fugitive poetry in *Annals*, &c., and an established favourite among his coun-

trymen. We are most happy to bid him welcome in England. There is much taste, much feeling, much grace in this work; perhaps its chief fault is, that it is not sufficiently American: we do not want translations from the Spanish, nor odes about the liberty of the Greeks; but we want words that bear the impress of their own sky and their own soil. The great charm of Mr. Bryant's writings is their strain of gentle thoughtfulness; and his descriptions are of great beauty. But we will select a few favourites, and leave our readers to judge of how well our praise is deserved.

"To the Past."

Thou unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.
Far in thy realm withdrawn
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.
Childhood, with all its mirth,
Youth, manhood, age that draws us to the ground,
And last, man's life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years,
Thou hast my earlier friends—the good, the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears—
The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back—years with desire intense,
And struggles hard to bring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain: thy gates deny
All passage, save to those who hence depart;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou givest them back, nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown—to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea.

Labours of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith,
Love that 'midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered not in death—

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared—

Thine for a space are they,
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth, to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no!
Kind words—remembered voices, once so sweet—
Smiles, radiant long ago—
And features, the great soul's apparent seat—

All shall come back—each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;
Alone shall Evil die,
And sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
And her who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young."

How noble is the following passage from the "Forest Hymn!"

"Here is continual worship. Nature here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that 'midst its herbage
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak,
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest-flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling life,
A visible token of the upholding love,
That are the soul of this wide universe."

Next, for the rugged desolation of "Monument Mountain:"—

"There, as thou standest,
The haunts of men below thee, and around
The mountain summits, thy expanding heart
Shall feel a kindred with that loftier world
To which thou art translated, and partake
The enlargement of thy vision. Thou shalt look
Upon the green and rolling forest-tops,
And down into the secrets of the glens
And streams, that with their bounding thickets strive
To hide their windings. Thou shalt gaze, at once,
Here on white villages and tilth and herds
And swarming roads, and there on solitudes
That only hear the torrent and the wind
And eagle's shriek. There is a precipice
That seems a fragment of some mighty wall,
Built by the hand that fashioned the old world
To separate its nations, and thrown down
When the flood drowned them. To the north, a path
Conducts you up the narrow battlement.
Steep is the western side, shaggy and wild
With mossy trees, and pinnacles of flint,
And many a hanging crag. But, to the east,
Sheer to the vale go down the bare old cliffs—
Huge pillars that in middle heaven upbear
Their weather-beaten capitals—here dark
With the thick moss of centuries, and there
Of chalky whiteness where the thunderbolt
Has splintered them. It is a fearful thing
To stand upon the beetling verge, and see
Where storm and lightning from that huge gray wall
Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the base
Dashed them in fragments; and to lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
Of winds that struggle with the woods below,
Come up like ocean murmurs. But the scene
Is lovely round: a beautiful river there
Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
The paradise he made unto himself,
Mingling the soil for ages. On each side
The fields swell upward to the hills—beyond,
Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
The mighty columns with which earth props heaven."

There is yet new imagery for a love-song—
witness the "Hunter's Serenade:"—

"Thy bow is finished, fairest!
Fit bow for hunter's bride—
Where old woods overhang
The green savannah's side.
I've wandered long and wandered far,
And never have I met,
In all this lovely western land,
A spot so lovely yet.
But I shall think it fairer
When thou art come to bless,
With thy sweet eyes and silver voice,
Its silent loveliness.

For thee the wild grape glisters
On sunny knoll and tree,
And stoops the slim papaya
With yellow fruit for thee;
For thee the duck on glassy stream,
The prairie-fowl, shall die,
My rifle for thy feast shall bring
The wild swan from the sky;
The forest's leaping panther,
Fierce, beautiful, and fleet,
Shall yield his spotted hide to be
A carpet for thy feet.

I know, for thou hast told me,
Thy maiden love of flowers;
Ah! those that deck thy gardens
Are pale compared with ours.
When our wide woods and mighty lawns
Bloom to the April skies,
The earth has no more gorgeous sight
To shew to human eyes.
In meadows red with blossoms,
All summer long, the bee
Murmurs, and loads his yellow thighs,
For thee, my love and me.

Or, wouldst thou gaze at tokens
Of ages long ago?
Our old oaks stream with mosses,
And sprout with mistletoe;
And mighty vines, like serpents, climb
The giant sycamore;
And trunks, o'erthrown for centuries,
Cumber the forest floor;
And in the great savannah
The solitary mound,
Built by the elder world, o'erlooks
The loneliness around.

Come, thou hast not forgotten
Thy pledge and promise quite,
With many blushes murmured,
Beneath the evening light.
Come, the young violets crowd my door,
Thy earliest look to win,
And at my silent window-sill
The jessamine peeps in;
All day the redoubt warbles
Upon the mulberry near,
And the night-sparrow trills her song
All night, with none to hear."

We conclude with two other poems:—

"Autumn Woods."

Ere, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold
In their wide sweep the coloured landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendours glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks; the sweet south-west, at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile—
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet—
So grateful, when the noon of summer made
The valleys sick with heat?

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays; the forest depths are bright;
Their sunny-coloured foliage in the breeze
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where flickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

But 'neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roscate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.

Oh, autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad—
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad?

Ah! 'twere a lot too blest
For ever in thy coloured shades to stray;
Amidst the kisses of the soft south-west
To rove and dream for aye;
And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour."

"Song of Marion's Men."

Our band is few, but true and tried—
Our leader frank and bold;
The foeman trembles in his camp
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea;
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Wo to the heedless soldiery
Who little think us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear,
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are best to earth again!
And they who fly in terror, deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads,
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life our fiery bars to guide
Across the moonlight plains;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts their tossing manes,
A moment in the ravaged camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers;

And loveliest ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming—
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the oppressor,
For ever, from our shore."

The translations are good, and yet we would gladly have dispensed with them. Never did the early literature of any country become great by imitation. Why have the American prose writers done more in literature than their poets? Because they have flung themselves on their resources, and given their works a national character. The Transatlantic writer may rely upon it, that his strength, like that of Anteus, is in his mother-earth.

The Family Library, No. XXVII. British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. Vol. V. 12mo. pp. 311. Murray.

ANOTHER valuable addition to the history of the arts and of their professors. Jamesone, Ramsay, Romney, Runciman, Copley, Mortimer, Raeburn, Hoppner, Owen, Harlow, and Bonington, are the subjects of the present volume. To the life of the first of these, Mr. Cunningham has prefixed a history of Scottish art, from the time of John de Linlithgow, the early part of the fourteenth, down to that of Jamesone, the early part of the seventeenth century, which contains much curious and valuable information. Of Jamesone himself he says:

"To depart at once from the formal corpse-like system of making figures, and assert the grace of form and the colouring of nature, required boldness as well as genius; and there can be no question that Jamesone did all this. It may gratify certain sorts of critics to dwell on the undoubted facts, that a certain hardness of manner is visible even in the happiest of his works; that his portraits are often of a severe aspect, with a touch too much of the vinegar of the times in them; and that he has reached but seldom the perfect ease and happy gracefulness of nature. His outlines are correct, his colouring lucid, and his proportions just; and he was the first native of our island who refused to limit himself to miniatures, like Hilliard and Oliver, and transferred life of the natural dimensions to his canvass. That he stands at the head of the British school of portrait-painting there can, therefore, be no question; nor had England an artist of her own worthy of being named above him in his own walk, before the days of Reynolds. When we consider the circumstances of the painter and his times, his want of instructors and models, and the various difficulties which the fanatical prejudices of that dark age must have presented to any cultivator of the graceful arts, it is impossible not to admit that Scotland has all reason to be proud of George Jamesone."

In his memoir of Romney, Mr. Cunningham has dwelt with much severity on the separation, for a long course of years, of that distinguished artist from his wife. Far be it from us to defend conjugal desertion; but there may be circumstances attending it of which a stranger can know nothing, and which greatly palliate what they do not entirely justify. We have reason to believe that such circumstances existed in the case in question.

The life of Mr. Copley is rendered interesting, not so much by his own rank as a painter, although he was a man of considerable ability, as by the elevation to which his highly-gifted son, Lord Lyndhurst, has attained in the learned profession to which he devoted himself, and in the political world. "He (Copley)

was the son," says Mr. Cunningham, "of John Copley and Mary Singleton his wife; and was, by the most credible accounts, born at Boston in America, on the third day of July, 1737. His father was of English descent, had resided long in Ireland, and, after marrying a lady of that country, removed to the New World, so nigh the time that his son was born, as to countenance a report which prevailed, when he became eminent, that he was a native of Ireland. The fact that he was all along claimed as an American by the general rumour of the United States, might, perhaps, have been alleged to prove little; since, in a country constantly receiving and willingly adopting new citizens from all quarters, considerable looseness as to such a point might be considered as natural. John Scolloy, of Boston, however, appears to furnish distinct evidence: when writing to the painter in 1782, he says; 'I trust, amidst this blaze of prosperity, that you don't forget your dear native country, and the cause it is engaged in, which I know lay once near your heart, and, I trust, does so still.' Other proofs will, perhaps, occur as we proceed. In whatever country he was born, he was educated in America; and to her he owes his first inspiration in art. This came upon him, it seems, early enough. When some seven or eight years old, he was observed to absent himself from the family circle for several hours at a time, and was traced to a lonely room, on whose bare walls he had drawn, in charcoal, a group of martial figures, engaged in some nameless adventure. Boston, at this period, had neither academy of arts nor private instructors. Copley had therefore to educate himself—a task, after all, not so difficult to genius as the dull imagine,—and which he set about undismayed, in the absence of models and masters. It is noteworthy, that, almost at the same hour, America produced, amid her deserts and her trading villages, two distinguished painters, West and Copley, who, unknown to each other, were schooling themselves in the rudiments of art, attempting portraits of their friends one day, and historical composition the other; studying nature from the naked Apollos of the wilderness, as some one called the native warriors; and making experiments on all manner of colours, primitive and compound; in short, groping, through inspiration, the right way to eminence and fame. Of Copley's very early works, no better account can be rendered than that they were chiefly portraits and domestic groups, to which the wild wood scenery of America usually formed back grounds."

Although he exhibited for many previous years at Somerset House, it was not until 1774 that Mr. Copley left America for Europe, and not until 1775 that he established himself in London. "The Death of Chatham," and "The Death of Major Peirson," are the historical works on which his reputation principally rests. Mr. Copley was also much employed as a portrait-painter; and Mr. Cunningham thus relates an amusing incident in his practice:—

"A certain man came to Copley, and had himself, his wife, and seven children, all included in a family piece: 'It wants but one thing,' said he, 'and that is the portrait of my first wife; for this one is my second.' 'But,' said the artist, 'she is dead, you know, sir; what can I do? she is only to be admitted as an angel.' 'Oh, no! not at all,' answered the other; 'she must come in as a woman—no angels for me.' The portrait was added; but some time elapsed before the person came

back: when he returned he had a stranger lady on his arm. 'I must have another cast of your hand, Copley,' he said; 'an accident befell my second wife: this lady is my third, and she is come to have her likeness included in the family picture.' The painter complied; the likeness was introduced; and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three spouses. Not so the lady; she remonstrated; never was such a thing heard of—out her predecessors must go. The artist painted them out accordingly; and had to bring an action at law to obtain payment for the portraits which he had obliterated."

Of Sir Henry Raeburn it is told, that when only six years old he lost both his parents, and was placed by some friends "in 'Heriot's Wark,' the Christ's school of Edinburgh, where he was trained, with all solicitude, both in morality and learning. To classical proficiency, indeed, he at no time ever laid claim, yet his education had been such as enabled him to maintain, without reproach, an intercourse by letters with some of the first literary men of the age; and his manners had been so well cared for, that he was never found wanting in that gentlemanly decorum and politeness which is not only becoming but necessary in a portrait-painter. Those who remembered him at school said that he mastered his tasks like other boys, and seemed neither very bright nor very dull. In one thing, however, they remarked his superiority during moments of idleness, such as are common in all classes; when the scholars drew figures on their slates or copy-books, those of Raeburn surpassed them all. The same thing was perceived in the school sketches of Wilkie; in the figures of arithmetic he was like other boys, but in the figures of men he had no rival. Raeburn has been often heard to say, that at school he formed intimacies with boys which became the best friendships of his manhood. His nature was open and sincere; and though his temper was quick and warm, it had that quality in it which never estranged friends, nor permanently offended any one. At the age of fifteen he was removed from school; but so little did his genius decide for him, that when a profession to be his support through life was to be chosen, he preferred that of a goldsmith, and was apprenticed accordingly. The silver chasing and engraving of Hogarth, and the wood-carving and gilding of Chantrey, were something akin to their feelings, and even to their after pursuits: the trade selected by Raeburn was less so, though it is connected with much that is elegant in workmanship and design. In the goldsmith's shop he remembered his sketches at school; and commencing first with caricatures of his companions, he persevered till a better and worthier art rose out of his attempts."

Among Raeburn's earliest associates, was "the learned and witty John Clerk, afterwards a judge of the Court of Session, under the title of Lord Eldin; a gentleman of rare parts, who, to his other acquirements, added some skill of hand in the art of painting. The young artist and the young advocate," continues Mr. Cunningham, "were frequently together; and, as the one had to purchase costly colours and the other expensive books, it is said they were sometimes so poor, that they scarcely knew how to live till more money came in. On one of these occasions Raeburn received an invitation to dine with Clerk; and, hastening to his lodgings, he found the landlady spreading a cloth on the table, and setting down two dishes, one containing

three herrings and the other three potatoes. 'And is this all?' said John. 'All,' said the landlady. 'All! did I not tell ye, woman,' he exclaimed, 'that a gentleman was to dine with me, and that ye were to get six herrings and six potatoes?' The tables of both were better furnished before the lapse of many years; and they loved, it is said, when the wine was flowing, to recall those early days, when hope was high, and the spirit unrebuked by intercourse with the world.'

When in the height of his practice, Sir Henry's daily routine was as follows:

"He rose at seven during summer, took breakfast about eight with his wife and children, walked into George Street, and was ready for a sitter by nine; and of sitters he generally had, for many years, not fewer than three or four a day. To these he gave an hour and a half each. He seldom kept a sitter more than two hours, unless the person happened—and that was often the case—to be gifted with more than common talents. He then felt himself happy; and never failed to detain the party, till the arrival of a new sitter intimated that he must be gone. For a head size he generally required four or five sittings: and he preferred painting the head and hands to any other part of the body; assigning as a reason, that they required least consideration. A fold of drapery, or the natural ease which the casting of a mantle over the shoulder demanded, occasioned him more perplexing study than a head full of thought and imagination. Such was the intuition with which he penetrated at once to the mind, that the first sitting rarely came to a close without his having seized strongly on the character and disposition of the individual. He never drew in his heads, or indeed any part of the body, with chalk,—a system pursued successfully by Lawrence,—but began with the brush at once. The forehead, chin, nose, and mouth, were his first touches. He always painted standing, and never used a stick for resting his hand on; for such was his accuracy of eye, and steadiness of nerve, that he could introduce the most delicate touches, or the utmost mechanical regularity of line, without aid or other contrivance than fair off-hand dexterity. He remained in his painting-room till a little after five o'clock, when he walked home, and dined at six."

"His merits as a portrait-painter," says Mr. Cunningham, "were very great. He aimed at elevation and dignity of style; he desired to bring out the mental qualities of his sitters, and considered the nice detail of the features as unworthy of a work of art. The distant view which he took presented nature to him in its grandest expression; and he caught the ruling passion of the face by taking the broad result, and not the detail. This was no doubt a dangerous experiment, and succeeded best with heads of natural dignity. By neglecting the lesser features, all subordinate expression was sunk: it was the application of the historical style to humble purposes; and Raeburn may be accused of conferring intellectual dignity upon heads unworthy of such honour. One of his greatest triumphs is in his last portrait of Sir Walter Scott. The face of this illustrious man is far from expressing his powers when you are at his elbow; but the distance at which Raeburn sought the character lent enchantment at once, and in the light and shade of his masses the author of *Marmion* and *Old Mortality* appeared. In expressing female loveliness he seldom excelled."

The following is a summary of the personal

character of Hoppner, for many years the rival of Lawrence:

"Those who merely consider Hoppner as a limner of men and women's heads, who dashed them off at a few sittings, pocketed the price, replenished his palette, and prepared himself for any new comer, do his memory injustice. He was a fine free-spirited manly fellow, overflowing with wit and humour, inconsiderate in speech, open-hearted, and as well acquainted with the poetry and history of his native country as the most gifted of her sons. The fame of his conversational powers survives among his companions. He was considered one of the best-informed painters of his time; and in the company of the learned, not less than among the gay and the noble of that day, he was easy and unembarrassed. Amongst his brethren of the easel he was still more at home, and made himself welcome by his ready wit and various knowledge. It was sometimes his pleasure, in the midst of a serious discussion, to start aside into the whimsical or the humorous; and, in the midst of boisterous mirth, he would as suddenly return to seriousness. Few could be quite sure when they had his sympathy; except, indeed, in the hour when it was really wanted—for then it failed not."

But our space is rapidly contracting; and, passing over many passages of this entertaining volume, to which we would otherwise draw the attention of our readers, we will conclude by quoting the following from Mr. Cunningham's notice of that "fine genius united with a frail body," poor Bonington:

"Bonington was more than a mere landscape-painter. He included within his scene whatever naturally and properly belonged to it: on the sea-side he had fishermen; on the sea itself ships under sail, with all their mariners—pinnaces and barges, with freights of beauty: ashore, he gave to the garden, ladies playing on the lute, or listening to the song of the bird or of the lover; he peopled his walks and groves with life, and shewed no common skill and taste in his groups and figures. In this he resembled Gainsborough, whose peasants are not the least pleasing part of his landscapes. Nor did Bonington desire to depict merely an acre or two of nature, and trust to the literal reality of his scene for success: he knew that nature presents much to the eye on which art has no colours to squander; he therefore singled out scenes which, either from extreme loveliness, from picturesque effect, or old association, he knew would please; and these he handled with singular ease and delicacy. It cannot be denied, however, that most of his Italian pictures are tinged with his feeling for some of the great masters of the pencil. Instead of being contented with looking at what lay before himself, his desire was to borrow the eyes of Canaletti, or some other favourite of days gone by. All this gratified the connoisseur, but not those who judged from nature; to look like Canaletti with the former was a grace, with the latter a deformity. There is a painful precision about Canaletti—a disagreeable slavishness of fidelity, resembling that of the painter who drenched his field of battle in blood, for the purpose of proving how heroic the contest had been. Bonington had not the half of this minute precision, and yet he had too much; but his brilliant and poetical colouring threw a lustre over these mechanical inaccuracies. He tried all the styles of painting below the historical, and attained eminence in them all: moreover, he tried all the methods of the various schools; and it was one of his 'imaginings' to combine the fidelity of the

Dutch, the vigour of the Venetians, the science of the Romans, and the *sense* of the English, all in one grand performance. This wild scheme, which even the poetic and fervent Fuseli had considered impracticable, was looked upon by Bonington as a matter of no great difficulty; his French biographer regrets that he did not live to put such a plan into execution; and mentions, that he had selected a series of subjects from the history of the middle ages, on which to make the experiment."

"Bonington was tall, well, and even to appearance, strongly formed. 'His countenance,' says the French biographer, 'was truly English; and we loved him for his melancholy air, which became him more than smiles.' The memory of his person will soon wear away; but it will fare otherwise with his fame. He lived long enough to assert his title to a high place amongst English landscape-painters, and had produced works which bid fair to be ranked permanently with the foremost. They are not numerous, but for that very reason they will, perhaps, be the more prized. A series of engravings, amounting to some four and twenty, has been published by Carpenter, from pictures of this artist, some in his own possession, some in the galleries of the Marquess of Lansdown, the Duke of Bedford, and other patrons of art. The best of these are the landscapes; and of the landscapes, the worthiest are of mingled sea and land,—pieces distinguished by great picturesque beauty, and singular grace of execution. His practice was, to sketch in the outline and general character, and then make accurate studies of the local light-and-shade, and colour. His handling was delicate and true, and his colouring clear and harmonious. It cannot, however, be denied, that he wants vigour and breadth; that his more poetic scenes are too light and slim; and his express copies from nature too literal and real. He was a softer sort of Gainsborough, with more than his grace, and with not a little of his taste for scattering happy and characteristic groups among landscape scenes—but, it must be added, with only a far-off approach to the strength of that great master. That, had his life been prolonged, he would have risen to very high distinction, cannot be doubted. It was his generous dream, we are told, to acquire a competency by painting commissions, and then dedicate his time and pencil to historical compositions,—a dream which many artists have dreamed; but his works have little of the epic in them. Nature gave him good advice, when she directed his steps to the surf-beat shore, and bade him paint the swelling tide, the busy boats, fishermen drying their nets, and the sea-eagle looking from the rock upon his wide and, to him, fruitful dominion."

Théorie des Ressemblances, etc.—Theory of Resemblances; or, a Philosophical Essay on the Means of determining the Physical and Moral Dispositions of Animals from the Analogies of Forms of Covering and of Colours. By the Chevalier de G.M. 4to. Paris, 1831. Treuttel and Würtz.

IN remarking upon the second volume of Professor Lyell's *Geology*, which treats of the succession of organised beings and the identity of species, we were led to make some observations upon the influence of the conditions of existence, or the habits and manners of beings, on their form and structure. Now, if form, fugitive in the animal kingdom, is modified by the circumstances in which the individuals are placed, wherever there occurs identity of form in the immense series of organised beings, we

should expect to meet with conformity of instincts, of habits, and of manners. In the work now before us, got up at private expense, in all the beauty of Parisian type and paper, M. Machado (such is the author's name) has endeavoured, not so much to point out the laws of these resemblances, as to illustrate their existence in a series of lithographic prints, where animals, apparently of the most incongruous characters, are compared with one another, and even with the vegetable world; for, giving all the latitude to analogy that it is capable of when brought to illustrate affinity, the author, with much ingenuity, has also made the covering and the colour of organised beings bear upon the more philosophical evidences which are to be derived from similarity of form. We remember that the author of *Paul and Virginia*, in his *Études de la Nature*, compares a wasp to a tiger; both are barred with yellow and black stripes, and both have similar instincts and propensities. It was with the Abbé the same doctrine of the fitness of things which was promulgated by Pythagoras, and which, applied to the inorganic world, led that philosopher to consider the blue sea breaking in white spray on the dark rock as a warning to sailors, and a further evidence of the fitness of all things. Thus, we might add, in a range of mountains, the green acclivity mingles with the pasture of the valley, the barren rock diminishes the intensity of shades, and the eternal snows seek companionship with the clouds.

In reproducing the importance of external form, M. M. considers that he is rendering a service to science. We need hardly remark that the very contrary is the case; for, when form is fugitive, and external appearances, according to his own principles, vary with situation and with habit, the principle of connexions and the elective affinity of parts by which similar structures can be traced throughout their various modifications, will alone be the foundation of a stationary science and a philosophic anatomy. Besides, our author has reasoned upon a fundamental error in supposing that the structure entails the habit: and thus he compares the racehorse and the greyhound as exhibiting the physical influence on instinctive disposition, from which springs a fatality which, he says, was admitted by the ancients. Now, the racehorse is a proof of the modification entailed on form and instinct by the influence of circumstances which become hereditary, just as much as a cultivated sensibility characterises the higher classes of a long-civilised society.

In studying the external appearances of animals, M. Machado has chiefly interested himself with the physiognomy and the colour, and thus was led from them to a comparison of the habits of the animals. He thus includes the doctrines of Lavater, Porta, and Gall, the latter of which he details at length; and though his results cannot obtain a place in scientific natural history, they present us with many striking analogies and facts so remotely and yet so wisely connected, that we cannot help contemplating them with all that interest and admiration which is derived from some new insight into the beauty and harmony of omniscient nature.

M. Machado trained a number of birds and animals in his house and even in his study. Among these was a specimen of the Saimiri (*Cebus flavus*), a very pretty Brazilian monkey, which is represented in the first plate, and compared with the pug dog: they resemble one another in expression of countenance and form of head; and it is a curious fact that all the cynocephalous monkeys bark like dogs. The

Saimiri is then compared with one of the owl tribe, and the orange frog of Brazil, which, from its extreme thinness, has been called skeleton frog. This monkey is remarkable for its attachment to its young, and it is compared in the form of its head with that of a woman who was afflicted with a monomania dependent on extreme development of the cerebellum. The cart-horse is compared with the yoked ox; the lion with the Angora cat and lion dog; the hyena with the shepherd's dog; and many other comparisons are made, which it would not be doing the author justice to quote, without at the same time detailing, with his ingenuity, the distant relation in instinct and manners which exists between animals whose external appearances are the same to a certain extent. Those which have pleased us most are the comparisons instituted between the wren, the woodcock, the mouse, the little butterfly (*Erycina thesandes*), and a dead leaf; and the similarity between certain butterflies and birds, and between moths and owls, in appearance and in habits. Had M. M. left his own menagerie and gone into the fields, he perhaps might have found as many illustrations of these analogies as in a cabinet which brought together the productions of the four quarters of the globe. It is curious that, in the cultivation of this taste for natural harmony, our author has found scepticism compatible with it, or with that sensibility of heart which has led him so often to enforce humanity towards the brute creation. Was it not rather to suit the spirit of the times in the country where he wrote, than the inward conviction arising from a just conception of the wisdom and order subsisting in the world around him? His scepticism, however, does not interfere with his other objects, being contained in distant allusions, so indistinct as hardly to blemish the truths which every reflective mind will obtain from these entertaining pages. The work is well worthy of perusal, and capable of ingrafting a love for natural history much sooner than the uninteresting descriptions of which that science is too often made to consist.

The Mind; and other Poems. By Charles Swain. Second Edition. 12mo. pp. 264. London, 1832, Simpkin and Co.; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd.

THE words "second edition," so rare nowadays on the title-page of a poem, are almost equally pleasant to the author and to the critic—to the author, who finds that the hope held out by praise has been fulfilled; and to the critic, who finds that his opinion has been confirmed. Mr. Swain well deserves encouragement and success, for they but stimulate him to farther exertion. The first and longest poem, on "the Mind," has been almost entirely rewritten, and greatly improved; we prefer, however, extracting one of the new poems, for "the Mind" ought to be read as a whole—the vein of thought taken up at the beginning and pursued to the end: it should be read carefully, and will well repay that care. We must enter our protest, though, against one of the subjects; we allude to a verse founded on an extract from Sheridan's celebrated speech on the Begum question. It is never too late to do justice; and we are sorry to see Mr. Swain giving the life of poetry to the false and violent charges brought against Warren Hastings, who certainly was one of those ill-used individuals whose memories remain signal instances of the injustice of party spirit: but eloquence, like charity, has often covered a multitude of sins.

We now proceed to the pleasant task of quotation.

"Better Days."

Stranger, thrice twenty years have fled
Since first these eyes beheld the light;
Friends, parents, kindred, all are dead!
Day seems but like a second night.
Yet ah! not always hath the morn
Thus cold and shadowy met my gaze;
I knew a time when joys were born,
But that was in my better days.
A cot stands by the village brook,
Half-shadowed by an alder-tree,
Where roses through the casement look,
And lingers near the summer bee;
And from the vale—how pleasantly!—
The flowers shine like a thousand rays:
Once such a home remain'd for me,
But that was in my better days.
Some spell relumes my aged sight;
A mirror of the past I view,
An inward vision of delight,
As beautiful as true!
A girl steps from that cottage door,
A world of brightness she surveys;
Ah! such a world was mine, before
I lost the charm of better days.
I hear sweet bells upon the air—
I see a glad and youthful band,
A village bride and bridegroom there
Before the holy altar stand!
When, when shall Time's bereaving wave
The memory of that morn erase?
Within the shadow of my grave,
I muse upon these better days.
It was no passion frail and fleet,
No idle fancy of the heart;
We knew but one delight—to meet!
We felt but one regret—to part!
He was the heaven of my soul,
The light which love alone conveys;
My heart could scarce contain the whole
Deep earnest bliss of better days.
He spoke not, though his spirit fell
Beneath the darkness of decline;
He would not, could not bear to tell
Aught that might grieve one thought of mine;
But ah! a wife's fond glance too soon
Will mark the startling hue which preys
Upon the grace of manhood's noon,
And darkens all life's better days.
I heard his voice, the rich and deep!
Die in so sadly sweet a lay,
As though the tones were tears to weep
The passing soul away!
Then I had given worlds for one—
For one, but one of all Hope's rays!
But Death stood by my side alone,
And buried low my better days.
A widow with two orphans pale,
Sits mourning near a new-raised mound;
The wintry winds around her wail,
She hears, but 'tis a wilder sound!
The hollow murmur of the tomb—
The 'dust to dust' her ear delays;
She turns, but, wrecked amidst the gloom,
Where may she seek for better days?
Like buds which open to the eve,
And flourish 'midst the sunless dew;
As willows that most bend and grieve,
Rise lovelier and stronger too!
So beautiful the orphans grew!
A sweetness youth alone displays;
And oh! their father's eyes of blue
Recalled the dreams of better days.
It was a sinful act to pine,
When God had left my children still;
But little could I then divine
The coming dawn of deeper ill.
My boy from infancy had loved
The ocean's stern and stormy ways:
Alas! that early passion proved
Another bane to better days.
'Twas pain to see his cheek grow pale,
And know the cause was love for me;
And I—I gave him leave to sail
Across the wide unsparring sea!
And long I paced the lonely shore,
And prayed to Him whose mandate sways
The mighty deep for evermore—
To Him who gave my better days!
Once more I sought my home in tears,
And deem'd the worst of woe begun;
Ah! Stranger, it is sixteen years,
Long years, since I beheld my son!
But now my soul with prayer is meek,
And humbly God's behest obeys;
Yet 'tis my love, my joy to speak
Of other times, of better days!
I had a dream, but dreams are frail,
Too frail for hope, however light;
'Twas of a small and homeward sail,
That seemed to linger in my sight—

One of those bright and pictured leaves
Which slumber to the old displays;
A vision which the heart receives
As harbinger of better days.

But never more my hope, my pride,
Will here return to bless my gaze!
'He is returned,' the stranger cried—
'Returned, to bring thee better days!
Thy soul shall lose its sad alarms—
A haven for thine age is won!
She caught the stranger in her arms—
She clasped her loved, her long-lost son!"

Purity of taste, a love of nature, a keen perception of the beautiful, thoughtfulness, musical words, and feeling—all these characterise Mr. Swain; and what are they but the characteristics of the poet?

Essay on Cholera, &c. By James A. Lawrie, M.D. &c. Second Edition. Glasgow, 1832. London, Longman and Co.

Observations on Cholera, made during a Visit to Sunderland. By George Parsons, Surgeon to the Birmingham Town Infirmary. Birmingham, 1832.

Observations on the Epidemic Cholera of Asia and Europe. By James McCabe, M.D. Cheltenham, 1832.

DR. LAWRIE has made observations on the pestilential disease called cholera, in India, in Sunderland, and in Newcastle; and the second edition of his pamphlet contains some account of the appearance of the same malady at Kirkintilloch. Dr. L. had been inclined previously to ascribe the appearance of the malady in Newcastle to communication with Sunderland; but the manner in which it has since started up in Haddington and Kirkintilloch, has led him to doubt the correctness of his first opinion; just as the history of the propagation of the disease teaches the existence of infectious properties of which we afterwards become sceptical, when we find that ourselves, and many others, may go into the neighbourhood of that infection without being the victims of its poisonous influence. We have now exclusive and good authority to state, that a sailor landed on the coast near Haddington, and proceeded to that town, where he became the first victim of the disease; just as, in the poignancy of grief, a man wrapped the shawl of his deceased wife round his neck on going from Musselburgh to Leith, and took the infection to the last-mentioned place. Dr. L. defines a contagious disease to be one capable of producing a similar disease in the majority of those exposed to its influence; as some have objected to its being a contagious disease, because it did not affect all who were exposed to its influence! But according to neither of these definitions, or rather suppositions, would cholera be a contagious disease. The seed of a lichen may fall upon a stone and not produce a plant, but numerous seeds will corrupt and furnish soil. Cholera, at its onset, only attacks the predisposed; but when numerous victims give intensity to the infection, it will prove contagious even to the majority of those who are exposed to its influence. Dr. Lawrie's statement, that the nurse at Sunderland may have caught the disease in her own house, is decidedly incorrect, as she had hardly left the hospital for half an hour for several weeks previous to her decease. Dr. L. divides the disease into common, spasmodic, and malignant; and the latter into the premonitory, the acute, the collapsed, the rallying, and the febrile stages. Spasms, in our own opinion, characterise the diathesis in this disease, but cannot be considered as affording, by their appearance, the necessity of a distinction in the nature of the malady itself: in this case, we shall have com-

mon and malignant forms remaining, which will be merely different degrees of intensity of the same malady. A better method would have been advantageous; but the observations included under these different heads, contain much that is valuable, and, at the present moment, highly deserving of perusal. Mr. Parsons exhibits in his collection of cases, how much industry he gave to the study of the disease at Sunderland. His reflections have, however, been cramped by the form given to them of a report to a local board of health. His introduction contains many judicious remarks upon the nature and propagation of the disease; and the cases present a valuable record of facts for the use of the practitioner. We need not say much upon Dr. McCabe's work: it is another of those useless productions which perhaps never abounded so much upon any subject as on this. The author says, the malady is always preceded by dense fogs: we suspect this information will not be very agreeable to the Londoners, supposing that the statement of facts were met with avidity, where a proper scepticism to the operation of solitary causes has been converted into a denial capable of entailing the most ruinous consequences.

The Album Wreath. Nos. V. and VI. Willoughby.

WE are glad to see that this very pretty design prospers, and that these Nos. are improvements on their predecessors. The plan of selected poems, short prose sentences, &c., is far better, in our opinion, than that of original contributions. The probability is, that the latter would be trash, while the former may embody a world of beautiful and fugitive pieces.

Pensamenti di illustri Autori, utilissimi a rammentarsi, sull' Istoria, sulla Letteratura, sulla Filosofia. Esposti da Stefano Egidio Petronj. 12mo. pp. 382. Treuttel and Co.; Dulau and Co.; Simpkin and Marshall; Seguin, &c.

THE author's "Thoughts on Illustrious Personages," though a small volume, is at once beautiful, amusing, and instructive. It contains a great deal of historical anecdote and information, and is written in a very elegant and flowing style. And we prize it the more, because, while in most other modern languages we are inundated with books for youth, in the Italian, the graceful and pleasing, we have a dearth of productions which may be placed before the student as models of composition. Such is the present.

Herbert's Country Parson. 24mo. pp. 160. Washbourne.

A REPRINT of a curious old book; the poem of the "Church Porch," at the end, particularly.

A Numismatic Manual, &c. &c. By John Y. Akerman. 12mo. pp. 174. London, 1832. Wilson.

As far as it goes, a cheap and convenient guide to the purchase and study of Greek, Roman, and English coins. The plates are neatly executed, and suitable to the price.

Hans Sloane; a Tale, illustrating the History of the Foundling Hospital. By John Brownlow. Pp. 147. London, 1832. Warr.

MR. BROWNLOW is in the common case of better intention than execution. The story of *Hans Sloane* has the worst of wants—that of interest.

Paris Magazine: Revue Parisienne. Livraison I. London, 1832. M'Lean.

A VARIOUS and amusing miscellany. We have been especially entertained by the account of *Richard d'Arlington*, a drama just acted with great success at the Porte St. Martin. The scene, the hero, &c., all are English, and of the present time; but so truly absurd, such imaginary exaggerations, that we cannot but exclaim, There are many wonderful things in the present day! But the most wonderful is, that two nations, such near neighbours, should in reality know so little of each other.

The Rev. W. Fletcher's Hymns for Children. 24mo. pp. 96. London. Hailes.

A VERY pretty little book, and as amiable, right-minded, and gently pious, as it is otherwise worthy of acceptance.

The Druid; a Tragedy. With Notes on the Antiquities of Ireland. By Thomas Cromwell, author of "Oliver Cromwell and his Times." pp. 142. London, 1832. Sherwood and Co.

THIS is the second work of fiction called forth by the early history of Ireland. We lately had a novel, and now here is a tragedy before us. We must say, we think there is a want of interest about these very remote times; but Mr. Cromwell has thrown much incident and variety into his scenes, and considerable information into his notes. He is a man of industry and talent, both of which we think would be more successfully employed on a later era.

*The Botanical Miscellany Part VI.** By W. J. Hooker, LL.D., &c. London, 1831. Murray.

Illustrations of Indian Botany. Supplement II. to the Botanical Miscellany. By R. Wight, M.D. London, 1831.

WE expressed ourselves in terms of high approbation of the former numbers of this *Miscellany*, as a collection of valuable facts in a noble and endearing science. The sixth part, without the variety of its predecessors, possesses at least their originality; and the biographical notice of the late Captain Dugald Carmichael, by the Rev. Colin Smith, which occupies almost the whole of the number, is replete with interesting and novel facts, and characterised as the record of a naturalist by heart rather than by profession, who had the gift of sound judgment, and a most discursive observation. This memoir contains interesting details of a visit to Algoa Bay, of its people, and of its productions; accounts of Mauritius, the Isles of France and of Bourbon, at which latter island the narrative terminates, to be continued in a future number.

The "Unio Itineraria" (a society got up in Germany, for the sake of sending collectors of objects of natural history to different parts of the world for the benefit of the subscribers) propose this year to send M. Endress to Bayonne, with a view to collect the vernal plants, especially those of Mr. Thore, in the department of the Landes, thence to the Western Pyrenees; and he will spend the summer in the Hautes Pyrenees.

Mr. Wilson's notes on Sir James E. Smith's *English Flora* are proofs of what a very laborious study botany becomes when prosecuted with that minuteness of research, which would appear rather to point out the variability of natural characters with situation and place, or even

* Quere, should not this be Part VII.?

with time, than the inaccuracy of former writers. This number, we observe, contains no illustrations but in the Supplement, which is consequently included with it. The quarto size, we also observe, is to be reduced in the next numbers to octavo; this will offer an impediment to their being bound up together, which was uncalled for. Recommending punctuality, we again wish success to the undertaking.

Spinal Deformities cured and prevented. By P. G. Hamon. 8vo. pp. 132. London, 1832. Carpenter and Co.

MR. HAMON was some time partner of Captain Clia, by whom gymnastic exercises are stated to have been introduced into this country, under the patronage of his royal highness the late Duke of York; and by these exercises, adapted to the age, strength, and peculiar conformation of each pupil, he proposes at once to prevent and cure spinal deformities. The author complains that many, having made themselves acquainted with the mechanical part of the exercises, have established themselves in practice; when, as he very properly remarks, that the first and most important requisite in a professor is the knowledge which prevents their misapplication; and thus, he states, that the pursuit of his system has fallen into disrepute. The fact is, that we can never expect uniformity of success from similar treatment where the causes are so numerous; but we still recommend a perusal of Mr. Hamon's pamphlet, which is rendered more intelligible by some rather inferior lithographic plates, but offer a good body of information on orthopedic and gymnastic exercises, which, from the simplicity of details, can be practised by the student without any further tuition.

Woman, in her Social and Domestic Character. By Mrs. John Sandford. 12mo. pp. 172. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

TAKE the following passage as a sample of the truth and observation which pervade this little work:—

"Where want of congeniality impairs domestic comfort, the fault is generally chargeable on the female side; for it is for woman, not for man, to make the sacrifice, especially in indifferent matters. She must, in a certain degree, be plastic herself, if she would mould others. And this is one reason why very good women are sometimes very uninfluential. They do a great deal, but they yield nothing; they are impassable themselves, and therefore they cannot affect others. They proceed so mechanically in their vocation, and are so frigid to every thing beyond it, that their very virtue seems automatical, and is uninteresting because it appears compulsory. Negative goodness, therefore, is not enough. With an imperturbable temper, a faultless economy, an irreproachable demeanour, a woman may be still far from engaging, and her discharge of family relations be compatible with much domestic dullness. And the danger is, lest this dryness alienate affection which sympathy might have secured, and nullify an influence which might otherwise have been really beneficial. To be useful, a woman must have feeling. It is this which suggests the thousand nameless amenities which fix her empire in the heart, and render her so agreeable, and almost so necessary, that she imperceptibly rises in the domestic circle, and becomes at once its cement and its charm. If it be then really her wish to increase her hold on the affections, and to mature

the sentiment which passion may have excited, let her not forget that nothing conduces more to these results than congeniality. Perhaps conjugal virtue was never more aptly panegyrised than in the following eulogy on a matron of the last century:—'She was a lady of such symmetrical proportion to her husband, that they seemed to come together by a sort of natural magnetism.'

There is much good taste and good feeling in these pages, which well exemplify one of their own very gracefully turned remarks; viz. that "elegance is poetry put into action."

An Introductory Lecture, delivered in King's College, London, Nov. 2d, 1831. By A. Bernays, Professor of the German Language and Literature to the College. Fellowes.

THIS preliminary discourse contains a brief history of the rise and progress of German literature; an exposition of the advantages to be derived from the study of the German language; and a description of the means by which Professor Bernays hopes to be able to carry into effect that which, in a truly liberal and philosophical spirit, he considers to be the chief aim of his efforts; namely, "to call forth, in this country, still kinder feelings towards Germany, and quicken the literary intercourse between our kindred nations." We are glad to observe the professor's determination "to render all his courses practical, and of immediate application;" for a great deal of time is too frequently wasted in the chairs of our institutions for education, by dissertations, which, however curious in themselves, tend little to further the purpose for which those institutions have been established.

Frederick Wilding; or, the Ways of the World: a Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Baldwin and Cradock.

OUR author declares that his work was written in consequence of reading *Pelham*:—curious, that a very witty book should be the origin of a very dull one! It is a great misfortune to literature that imitation should seem so easy, and yet be so difficult. Our best advice to the writer of the *Ways of the World* will be to entirely alter, or else leave them alone for the future.

A Vision: a Poem, in Five Cantos. Pp. 100. London, 1832. Booth.

Caractacus: a Metrical Sketch, in Twelve Parts. Pp. 183. London, 1832. Kidd.

Athla, a Tragedy; and other Poems. 12mo. pp. 316. Boone.

Ash's Poems. 2 vols. 8vo.

Sacred Poems. By a Layman. 1 small vol.

WE would be glad to give encouragement to these loiterers "if the pleasant paths of poesie;" but we fear they will loiter there to no purpose. Of these poems we can only say, what we have to repeat of the great mass of poetry that comes before us—there is often taste and feeling, a fair command of language, and much study of preceding authors; but there is that want of originality, without which no road was ever yet hewn to the high places of public favour.

A Discourse on the Authenticity and Divine Origin of the Old Testament, &c.; translated from the French of J. E. Cel  rier. By the Rev. J. R. Wreford. pp. 286. London, 1831. Simpkin and Marshall; Longman and Co.

WE cannot mention a more fitting associate to Mr. Turner's volume than this learned and able production.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

SIR H. HALFORD, the president of the College, in the chair. This was the first assembly for the season, and it was attended by a considerable number of distinguished visitors, amongst whom were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Chichester, the Dean of Westminster, the Rt. Hon. Sir John Nicholl, Sir J. Macgrigor, Mr. Davies Gilbert, &c. &c. A dissertation on the great plague of Athens, by Dr. Ireland, dean of Westminster, was read by the president. The first introduction of this pestilence into Europe occurred about 430 years B.C., when it made its appearance with great mortality at Athens; where it continued for three years, having been conveyed, as it was believed, from   thiopia, or some part of the African coast, to that celebrated city, at the time under the sway of Pericles, and devastated by the ravages of the first Peloponnesian war. Both Thucydides and Hippocrates were living at that period, and were attacked, but not fatally, by the disorder. The former, in the second book of his history, has given us, with the Attic vigour and eloquence for which his history of the Peloponnesian war is so much admired, a full account of the appearance and progress of the pestilence. Hippocrates, however, it is to be regretted, has left no statement of the treatment of the disorder, and the means employed for its cure. The disease made its first appearance in the head, and continued its attacks in succession to the lower parts of the body; and it was remarkable that it never terminated fatally in those patients who had already recovered from an attack. The sufferer felt the greatest desire to be entirely uncovered and to remain cool, although the skin externally was only moderately warm. Some patients, while unguarded, escaped and leaped into the wells or other collections of cold water. It is remarked by all the historians, that the years immediately preceding the plague were unusually healthy, and that while it continued it was the only disorder, all others changing their character and becoming converted into it. The Athenians attributed it to a poisoning of the springs; and the idea of poison being in some mode or other the cause of their calamity, was so firmly fixed in their minds, that suspicion existed universally even among the nearest relatives. The author concluded his dissertation with some remarks on the plague at Milan, Marseilles, and London. A call, which we have no doubt will be attended to, was made for a communication on the subject of more modern pestilences.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

SIR ROBERT HERON in the chair.—A considerable number of individuals were elected fellows of the Society. From the monthly report of the council, it appeared that the balance in favour of the Society on the month's proceedings, amounted to 567*l.*; that 3,844 persons had visited the gardens in February, and 536 the museum. The minutes of the premium committee were also read. It was not considered expedient by the committee to hold out a premium for any improvement in zoology already rewarded by any other scientific body; that the Society itself could not rank as a candidate for the premiums; and that these should be given for improvements and importations of British grouse, African bustard, Asiatic pheasants, and certain birds of New Holland and America: the amount of the premium to be fixed hereafter. Some discussion arose upon

a recommendation of the council to allow at the office in Bruton Street the sale of tickets of admission to the gardens on Sunday, after one o'clock. A number of fellows, amongst whom was the chairman objected to it, as likely to introduce a too miscellaneous company on that day; and further, that the Society, ought to derive none of its revenue from Sunday visitors. It was arranged that the recommendation should be referred to the council for reconsideration. It was stated that the Society's young lion was in a very dangerous state from inflammation of the eyes.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex in the chair.—The second part of Dr. Marshall Hall's paper was read. The author having, in the first portion of this memoir, investigated the changes which take place in a given quantity of atmospheric air from the breathing of an included animal, by means of very ingenious and adequate apparatus, in which caustic potash is employed to absorb the carbonic acid formed, and indicate consequently the quantity of oxygen abstracted from the air, and having deduced the ratio which subsists between the quantity of respiration and the irritability of the heart, proceeds to lay before the Society the results of his researches connected with that peculiar sleep and torpidity of certain animals, so long an object of interest with naturalists, and, from its occurring during the winter season, termed *hibernation*. He first inquires into the nature of the sleep of these animals, and considers it wholly distinct from that of animals not hibernating; and then details the peculiarities of true hibernation, and of the irritability and sensibility of hibernating animals. He ascertains, by experiment, the nature of the respiratory functions during the continuance of the animals in this state, and finds that no oxygen is absorbed from the air, and the respiration is almost entirely suspended; while, at the same time, the heart, from its irritability, maintains its action and the circulation. The temperature of animals while in this state is, like inanimate matter, only equal to that of the surrounding atmosphere, but rapidly attains a blood-heat on the animals being roused into activity. The author found that it might, without any injurious effect, be immersed in water from ten to fifteen minutes, while an immersion for three minutes is sufficient to destroy the animal if in an active state. The experiments were made chiefly on bats, hedgehogs, and dormice; and the author's inquiries modify the theories of Hunter, Edwards, and other physiologists who have written on this subject.

Captain Beaufort, R.N. F.R.S. presented, on the part of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, a complete copy of the Admiralty charts for the library of the Society; and George Rennie, Esq. V.P.R.S. presented three quarto vols. of MS. notes taken by his late celebrated father while a student attending the lectures of Dr. Black at Edinburgh.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MARCH 1st.—Hudson Gurney, Esq. in the chair. A. J. Kempe, Esq. exhibited casts from six ancient stamped bricks in his possession, found in the excavation for St. Catharine's dock. Mr. Kempe, in his illustrative description, said they were of the early part of the sixteenth century. Four of the subjects impressed on these bricks were Scriptural; two

were from Roman history. They are articles of great rarity, and were, by the antiquaries of the last age, erroneously considered to be Roman.

The reading of an essay, by F. Madden, Esq. descriptive of the ancient chessmen discovered in the Isle of Lewis, was continued.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

JANUARY 18th. Lord Bexley in the chair. The remainder of Mr. Belfour's paper was read.

The monk Navara, on whose testimony Kircher published the singular inscription given below, asserted that there was a tradition among the Arabs in his time, that the writing was cut by the prophet Jeremiah, and that the letters indicate where that prophet had concealed the sacred vessels belonging to the temple. We read in 2d Maccab. ii. "It is found in the records, that when Jeremy came thither, (i. e. to Mount Sinai) he found a hollow cave, wherein he laid the tabernacle, and the ark, and the altar of incense, and so stopped the door. And some of them that followed him came to mark the way, but they could not find it; which, when Jeremy perceived, he blamed them, saying, 'As for that place, it shall be unknown until the time that God gather his people again together, and receive them into mercy.'" This tradition being well known to the Jews, it is not unreasonable to suppose that, actuated by a superstitious zeal, they might have proceeded, on many occasions, in large numbers, to the mountains, which they inscribed with holy invocations and expressions of piety, in the hope of discovering a passage to the cave wherein the prophet had hidden those precious national treasures, under the persuasion that, upon their finding it, "God would receive them into mercy, and would gather his people again together." Should this supposition be correct, although many of the inscriptions bear marks of still higher antiquity, others may be referred to the age of the Maccabean princes.

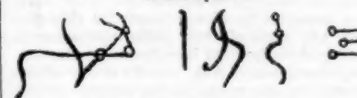
Another opinion worthy of consideration is, that the inscriptions are in part *sepulchral*, and were engraved by the surviving friends of a multitude of persons of various nations, who perished together among the mountains by some common calamity. We find a probable occasion of such a catastrophe in this neighbourhood, in the passage through the mountains, for several successive days, of a countless multitude of people of different nations, who, in the year 640, were sent by the Caliph Omar into Egypt, with an immense train of camels, to fetch corn for the inhabitants of Arabia, then suffering from extreme scarcity.* Great numbers of these persons, oppressed by famine, and goaded on by the sword of their fierce conquerors, are likely to have perished on the route. What especially recommends this hypothesis to consideration is, the variety of anomalies found among the inscriptions; a circumstance inexplicable upon any philological principle. It further offers a probable explanation of the figures of loaded camels frequently occurring on these monuments. Several convents have existed from an early period in the vicinity, and the mountains formerly swarmed with hermits. Thévenot says, that in Mount Hor alone there were above 14,000. This fact, coupled with the inscriptions found upon loose stones, may be regarded as strengthening the probability that many of the records are sepulchral, though

it detracts nothing from that relating to the different import and greater antiquity of others.

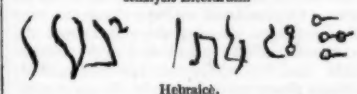
Mr. J. P. Thomas read a part of a paper on the moral tendency, &c. of mythological fable.

The following are illustrations of our report of Mr. Belfour's memoir on the inscriptions at Gebel-el-Mokattib, which the Society has had engraved from the copy made by the Rev. G. F. Grey:—

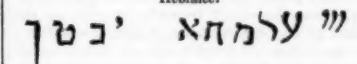
I.—Inscriptio.



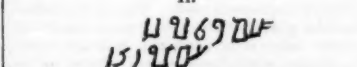
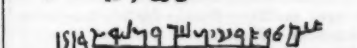
Analysis Literarum.



Hebraicæ.



II.

I. Published by Kircher, as copied from a stone at the foot of Mount Horeb, by Fra Tommaso da Navara, a monk of a neighbouring monastery.

II. Two of the numerous inscriptions copied by Mr. Grey; both of which exhibit the monogram, followed by four other letters, seen in a great part of the inscriptions,—and which the author of the memoir supposes to present a clue to their meaning.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

RIGHT HON. C. W. W. WYNNE in the chair. Lady Chambers presented a very valuable collection of works connected with oriental literature, formerly the property of the late Sir R. Chambers, president of the Asiatic Society in Bengal. It comprises part of the works of Avicenna, printed in Arabic at Rome, 1593; Erpenii Grammatica Arabica, and Raphelengii Lexicon Arabicum; Elmacini Historia Saracenica, by Erpenius; Life of Saladin, in Latin, by Schultens; Hinckelmann's edition of the Koran, 1694; Grotius de Veritate, in Arabic, &c. &c.

The paper read was a description, by Major Henry Burney, British resident in Ava, of the process employed by the Burmese in the manufacture of what is commonly termed *lacquered* ware; and was intended to illustrate a splendid donation from the same gentleman, laid upon the table at this meeting, comprising specimens of various articles manufactured by the Burmese from the fibres of the bamboo cane, and exhibiting in every stage the method of making drinking-cups, betel-boxes, dinner-boxes, &c. &c. The name of lacquered ware, which has been given to this manufacture, appears to be incorrect, as no lac is used in the process. The principal material is the varnish called *theet-see*, or wood-oil, which is very plentiful in Ava, and of which three sorts are used. Few colours preserve their tint when mixed with this varnish; vermilion answers best; and the Burmese prefer that of their own making to what is imported from China. The varnish being applied with the hand sometimes raises

* See Ockley's Hist. of the Saracens, vol. i. p. 314.

blisters on the skin of the workman, as a remedy for which they apply a little teak-wood rubbed down with water; as a preventive, they occasionally swallow a little of the varnish. The different figures are etched on the article, while fixed on a lathe, by means of a rude graver; the traces of which are subsequently filled up with vermilion, or whatever colour is preferred. After giving an account of the materials used, the author describes the process of manufacture, as performed by two separate parties of workmen engaged by him expressly for this purpose, and some of whom prided themselves on having manufactured betel-boxes for her majesty the Queen of Ava. In the course of this description, he refers to the various articles which accompanied it, as illustrative of his remarks. Of the drinking-cups there are nine plain specimens, shewing the stages from the first weaving of the basket-work to the finished article, and five others variously ornamented; there are three specimens of the dinner or rice-box, from the rough frame as turned on the lathe, to the article finished with vermilion; six specimens of betel-boxes; a lathe; specimens of the varnish, oil, polishing powders, and every implement used. The total number of articles presented, including seven models of Burmese musical instruments, was fifty-two. The thanks of the Society were ordered to be conveyed to Major Burney for his interesting and curious donation.

Among the visitors present at this meeting were the Prince Czartoriski, whose father was a pupil and friend of Sir William Jones; and Count Neimezewicz, the celebrated poet and historian of Poland.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

At the annual meeting of the proprietors, &c. of this Institution, on Wednesday, the statement of affairs was somewhat more satisfactory than on late occasions. The capital amounts to 164,852*l.* including 2,377*l.* of donations, of which 157,398*l.* has been actually received. By economy and attention, it was reported that the prospects of the University might be considered favourable. Of 386 students now attending, 226 belong to the medical classes, which, accordingly, seem alone to have taken a permanent root. 200*l.* was voted, as a compensation, to Professor Pattison. Mr. Maldon, M.A., and Mr. White, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Rev. Dr. Ritchie, have been severally appointed professors of Greek, mathematics, and natural philosophy, *vice* Long, De Morgan, and Lardner, resigned. Dr. Carwell was also appointed professor of morbid anatomy, a new class; to aid which he has contributed a fine collection of drawings.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

[Fourth Notice.]

No. 333. *Sea-shore, with Figures.* T. S. Good.—Exquisite.

No. 370. *A Philosopher in search of the Wind.* R. Farrier.—The blockhead who cut the throat of the goose that laid a golden egg daily, was a Solomon compared with this "Philosopher." We confess that we think the subject a little strained. The expression of the several heads is nevertheless admirable.

No. 374. *Llynn Idwell, North Wales—Stormy.* T. C. Hofland.—To be placed amidst such gloomy desolation, and apparently so much "out of humanity's reach," must be rather appalling under any circumstances; still more so when surrounded by the fierce strife of the elements.

The rugged features and mysterious grandeur of this production are finely contrasted in another by the same artist.—No. 401, *The Falls of Terni*,—where all is beauty, light, and classical elegance; one of those delicious scenes, which seem made to be illustrated by the pencil of the painter, or the pen of the poet. On the representation of this lovely and romantic spot Mr. Hofland has most successfully employed his best powers. The translucent and silvery tone of the water, in particular, is singularly happy.

No. 382. *Cordelia receiving the Account of her Father's Sufferings.* W. Boxall.—Notwithstanding the obvious similarity in this performance to that of one who stands high in the ranks of art, there is abundantly sufficient of original talent in it to entitle Mr. Boxall to no slight praise, as regards both composition and expression. The latter is in perfect accordance with the passage quoted from the great dramatist. Mr. Boxall has also been very successful in the Corregio-like pearliness of the half-tints of his flesh.

No. 396. *Malmesbury*; No. 412. *Austerlitz.* A. Morton.—Two performances of unequal merit; the one representing repose, the other action. The former is very so-so; the latter very clever. While we contemplate it, we can scarcely refrain from asking, with Young,—

"Where the prime actors of the last year's scene;
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume?
How many sleep, who kept the world awake
With lustre and with noise!"

No. 397. *The Conversion of St. Paul.* G. Hayter.—A spirited sketch, well deserving to be made the groundwork of a large and finished picture.

No. 404. *Sir Calpine rescuing Serena.* W. Hilton, R.A.—It gives us pleasure to see that this admirable performance (which we noticed with the praise due to it on its appearance at Somerset House last year) has found a purchaser, whom we congratulate on the possession of one of the finest works of the English school.

No. 405. *Landscape Composition.* W. Scrope.—A clever and classical landscape; exhibiting some of the highest qualities of art.

No. 418. *Love the best Physician.* Destouches.—We most cheerfully pay our tribute of applause to the talents here displayed by a visitor and a foreigner. The subject, it is true, is rather obsolete. In these days, when Cupid has learned to cast accounts,* few people die of the tender passion; and, indeed, the costume of the picture judiciously indicates that the incident belongs to former times. It is, however, admirably treated by M. Destouches; the drama is perfect; the expression, if a little French, is not the less powerful on that account; and when we say that the style of painting is firm and careful, and much resembles that of our favourite Hogarth, we consider ourselves as bestowing upon it a very high eulogium.

SOUTH ROOM.

No. 435. *Transmigration of Souls asserted by Will Honeycomb.* T. Clater.—From No. 343 (not No. 363, as stated in the Catalogue) of the *Spectator*. A graphic illustration of the ingenious hoax practised on a lady by her lover, who addresses a letter to her in the name of her favourite monkey; executed with great skill, as well in the principal as in the subordinate parts.

No. 445. *Jacopo Robusti, detto Il Furioso Tintoretto, lecturing his Disciples.* T. Von Holst.—Enough is seen of this picture to raise but not to gratify curiosity. A little more brilliance of colouring would have given addi-

tional value to a performance which seems to be conceived in a grand style of art.

No. 460. *Venus directing the Arrow of Cupid.* J. Wood.—The world is tired of subjects of this nature. There is no interest in them, beyond form and colour, in which qualities the present work is not without merit.

No. 461. *Cesar's Camp, Berkshire.* F. H. Henshaw.—We should certainly have passed over *Cesar's Camp* without notice, but for the singular effect of light, and the chaotic character of the clouds, with which the artist has enriched his performance.

No. 463. *A Highland Pass.* Miss A. G. Nasmyth.—A very clever example of the picturesque, under a silvery tone of colour.

[To be continued.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

National Portrait Gallery. No. XXXV. Fisher and Son.

THIS number contains portraits of Lords Grey, Kenyon (late chief justice), and Gardner, after Lawrence, Shree, and Beechey. The engravings are very fine; that of Earl Grey, by Cochran, in particular. An anecdote will illustrate this. On its being shewn to a very high Tory lady, she exclaimed, "This is beautiful; it is almost enough to make one turn a Whig!"

Views of Edinburgh; shewing the Communication between the Old and New Town, as proposed by Alexander Trotter, Esq. of Dreghorn. Drawn and engraved by T. K. Shepherd. Colnaghi.

THIS proposed communication, if adopted by the commissioners for the improvement of Edinburgh, will, in our opinion, add greatly to the beauty of that already magnificent city. Mr. Trotter recommends that the earthen mound which at present connects the two towns, and which is an unsightly mass, distorting the appearance of every edifice seen over it, should be destroyed, and that the new communication should be effected by means of a gently sloping terrace, brought round the north front of the Bank of Scotland, and opening into the High Street, immediately opposite to the Cathedral.

Lady Gore Booth. Engraved by J. Thomson, from a Miniature by A. Robertson, Esq. Whittaker.

THE 87th of the series of the female nobility; and would be an apt and beautiful illustration of Milton's *Il Penseroso*.

Spring Flowers. Drawn by W. C. Ross.

Dickinson.

ALAS! what a pity that such beauty will not remain in eternal bloom!

The Wounded Leopard. Drawn from Nature and on stone by S. M. Smith. Smith and Son.

A POWERFUL exhibition of animal agony.

Oxford Delineated. Parts I., II., and III. Whessell and Barnett, Oxford.

THESE three parts contain a general history and description of the University, and will be followed by particular descriptions of the colleges, halls, libraries, schools, churches, and other public buildings. They are embellished with several pleasing views of Oxford, and a number of neatly executed vignettes on wood.

The Clubbist. D. Wilkie, R.A. pinx.,

W. Raddon sculp. Leggatt.

THE original design for this print was made to illustrate Goldsmith's well-known essay,

* See Sir Joshua's "Venus chiding Cupid."

which was republished, about five and twenty years ago, in a little work called "Classic Tales." It possesses a good deal of comic humour; but is principally curious as shewing the great improvement of Mr. Wilkie in his art since that period.

The Costumes of the Pyrenees. Drawn on stone by J. D. Harding, from original Sketches by J. Johnson, Esq. Parts V. and VI. Carpenter.

THESE two parts complete this tasteful and clever publication. The "Miner of the Vie de Sos" strikes us as being a very strong likeness of Macready.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

[Continuing our views of this important subject, the following letters will shew how nearly the same motions now performing among ourselves have been previously performed abroad.—*Ed. L. G.*]

THE CHOLERA AT VIENNA.

[From the Letters of a Physician, November 1831.]

MY companions in the diligence in which I travelled to the Austrian capital consisted of two Jews of Vienna, a Paris dealer in leeches, who emitted the odour of camphor at every pore, and a North German, who had been in Berlin at the time of the cholera there, and had made a very wide circuit to avoid the quarantines. At Braunau we saw the Bavarian quarantine, consisting of a number of wooden buildings, the very sight of which was enough to give one the horrors. Rather would I make any *détour* than spend twenty-one days in such a prison. I had already been informed at Munich of the breaking out of the cholera at Wels, and when we came opposite to that town on the high road, I mentioned our geographical bearings to my fellow-travellers. The Jews started, as if a bomb had burst at their feet, and the agent of the French *thérapie* thrust his hand into his bosom for his camphor-bag.

When at length the towers and spires of Vienna were seen over-topping the fogs of the Danube, I looked with vivid interest at the famous city which has had to record in her annals so many severe sieges, and so many pestilences, and which must now write in black the year 1831 in her calendar. I could not help smiling, when I recollected how often we were assured from the professor's chair that our prodigious civilisation had for ever banished those harpies, hatched by a tropic sun, leprosy, small-pox, and plague, from the garden of Europe; and that the yellow fever could at the most claim only the sallow native of the Spanish coast for its victim. As it appeared not long since, as though it were possible to convert ancient Europe into a quiet pasture for nations, where the shepherds only made music and the dogs barked, while the financier coolly calculated the annual supply of wool; so the political economist had almost become accustomed to allot to Death his annual budget; and Master Death had settled down into a retail-dealer, whose yearly consumption could be computed to a single head. But bankers now turn ministers; and so the great war-minister of Nature is resolved once more to turn banker, and to do a large stroke of business.

The first sight of the cholera greatly surprised, nay, even shocked me; but it was far from exciting in my mind either timidity or apprehension. I have seen and touched very many persons affected with it, and I have attended many dissections, but never felt the slightest symptom of indisposition. The cholera is an *ens sui generis*, which has no analogon among our diseases. At the sight of it, the

idea involuntarily forces itself upon you, that it is a foreign thing from distant climes; it is highly pathetic, tragic, while most of our petty maladies are, at the utmost, merely lachrymose. One thing certainly I did not expect, that this oriental would make herself scarce, and that it would cost some trouble to obtain admission to her presence. The disease has been considerably on the decrease for some days past; very marked cases are becoming of rarer occurrence; I am vexed with myself for coming so late, and have made up my mind to proceed shortly to Brünn, or to Grätz, if the disease should break out there. The observation of the cholera here has, moreover, various impediments to encounter: the authorities evade applications for the communication of official documents; access is scarcely allowed to the hospitals, except during the visits of the physicians; the multitude of foreign practitioners is rather a hindrance than a benefit; and, lastly, the number of patients is so small, that you are obliged to seek them out in the most distant parts of the suburbs. But the opportunity of making acquaintance with physicians from every country in Europe—representatives of all the schools—is an interesting addition. The confusion of tongues is extreme; and old St. Stephen's looks gravely down upon the medicinal Babel.

The people of Vienna are now perfectly indifferent to the disorder; but at first the consternation was great, and it was increased by the rigorous police regulations. In the first days every patient was carried to the hospital, and the rich baron died by the side of the menial. With the removal of the blockade and of all restraint, the belief in contagion was suddenly abandoned, and the number of cases diminished, most assuredly because the restored confidence of the people counteracted the principal predisposing cause, depression of spirits. Many sickened and died, at first, at the sound of the hearse; and no vehicles were seen in the deserted streets, besides that and the flying *caché*s of the physicians, some of whom even prescribed for their patients from the doors of their chambers. For several weeks past, however, things have worn a different aspect. In the general appearance of the town, and the conduct of its inhabitants, I perceive scarcely any other change than that you meet with fewer foreign costumes, and that people smoke in the inner town. The green biers for the conveyance of cholera patients, which appear here and there in the streets—now the only signs of the epidemic—are so far from scaring persons who meet them, that they will not go two steps out of their way. The theatres, the musical *réunions* and *soirées*, are numerous frequented. On my journey hither I remarked, that the alarm decreased the nearer I approached to Vienna. In Upper Austria, in the villages, women and children were to be seen in the streets on their knees, with their faces turned to the east, praying to the "mother of God" to avert the disease. In Linz, little apprehension seemed to be felt; and in Vienna, fear seems to have given place to the other extreme—levity.

Many cases occur in private houses, where the first attack of cholera is repelled by domestic medicines; and the proportion between the number of cases and the mortality is thereby rendered more favourable than it is represented in the newspapers. Notwithstanding the constant intercourse with the neighbouring villages, the progress of the disorder there is very inconsiderable. In spite of the decrease of the epidemic, I have seen some cases which equalled in violence those that occurred in the be-

ginning. The transition to nervous fever is very frequent: this still carries off many, and convalescence is always slow;—since, though the cholera passes off slightly, a nervous state invariably succeeds, in consequence of the congestions towards the head, which take place on the re-establishment of the circulation, and the return of the external warmth. The treatment with ipecacuanha and ice, internally in lavements, and externally, the limbs being rubbed singly with ice, and then wrapped in warm blankets, numbers very many adherents, and has many successful cures to adduce.

The good emperor has contributed most materially to revive the confidence of the people, attending the theatre as usual with his family, and daily visiting, even at the worst period, the workmen on the glacis, where thousands of poor people are employed in the erection of an immense edifice for the city police, and for a house of correction. Schönbrunn was not surrounded by troops, according to the original plan, the execution of which was most pertinaciously insisted upon by Prince Metternich, who disputed the point for several days with the emperor. The diplomatic corps had been already removed to the environs of Schönbrunn, and directed to supply itself with three months' provisions: the archdukes were to have been shut up in Schönbrunn, Metternich in the Schwarzenberg palace, and the emperor in the Belvedere. The firmness of Francis, supported by Stiff's anti-contagious views, finally triumphed. All restraints were removed, and the communication with Schönbrunn and the court was not interrupted. Only the ordinance was still enforced, that the dead should be carried away at night, in one vehicle, without ceremony, and interred in burial grounds appropriated to cholera patients. The emperor declared that, if he should be taken off by the disease, he would not form an exception.

The city was divided on this occasion into thirty-two divisions; each of these had a physician and commissary, and was subdivided into several sections, over which there were subordinate commissaries. These had daily to examine house by house, to report such suspicious cases of disease as they discovered to the physician of the division, to enforce cleanliness in the houses and streets, and to inquire into the wants of the inhabitants. The physician made daily reports on the cases of cholera. These extraordinary officers of health have lately been deemed superfluous, and dismissed.

Out of the sixteen cholera hospitals, furnished with great profusion, only ten of which were used, some have been entirely shut up. The usual funeral ceremonies were at first forbidden to be performed for persons who had died of the cholera: all such were removed to the hospitals, whence they were conveyed at night, and buried in particular cemeteries beyond the line, twenty in one pit. This was the only coercive measure adopted. For some days past, however, funerals have been permitted, and the relatives come in dozens to the hospitals to fetch the corpses.

The emperor seems to enjoy himself at Schönbrunn; his health is excellent, and he hunts frequently in the park of Laxenburg. The dislike which he formerly manifested for this residence appears to have worn off: this dislike is said to date from the time when Napoleon despatched orders to Vienna from the Gloriette, where he breakfasted.

Let me, by way of conclusion, impress it upon you, that by giving way to fears, and making abundance of preparations, you do no

good, but may injure yourself and others: it is a general observation, that people care much less about cholera in places where it is, than in those which it has not yet visited. It behoves parish authorities to take measures for assisting and conveying to hospitals such of the poor as cannot obtain proper attendance at their own homes. In families in easy circumstances, no particular preparation is required. Above all, the idea of laying in a stock of medicaments of every kind, which threatens to clear out the apothecaries' shops, is absurd and superfluous. Tea, saleg, almonds for drink, good vinegar, juniper-wood, are the most necessary articles, and they are always at hand. Very little is required for the treatment of cholera: for the lighter cases a simple treatment is best, for the desperate ones there is no specific.

Brünn, November 15.

On coming hither from Vienna, the cholera appears to the observer in a different, a more grave, and more austere form, than in the capital, though the disease is intrinsically the same. There are quarters of the town where not a house has been spared; and these, as in other places, are precisely such as are situated near the water, and to which the inundation in September extended. Not a few victims have been snatched away from among the higher classes, though the majority certainly belong to the lower. In the hospitals, the number of work-people belonging to the cloth manufactories, which are mostly damp, is remarkably great.

A visible alarm prevails here; nobody goes out at night, unless in case of necessity. At first, many people had recourse to preservatives, especially plasters, and plates of copper applied to the stomach; but they were soon discarded as useless and troublesome. The cholera has here furnished an additional proof of the fallacy of creeds founded on the almanac and the barometer: the bad weather, which has set in, has had no influence upon the disease, but so much the more was it affected by the vintage and the church feasts. Never did the state of civilisation, and the nature of a disease, so powerfully concur to render an epidemic a most impressive monitor to men, to rouse them from their fondness for sensual indulgences, and to force them to reflect on what is beneficial to themselves. He who tries the hearts and reins seems disposed for once to try the stomach also. As the English temperance societies send emissaries over the country to preach up a crusade against gin and whisky, so the cholera, Heaven's own apostle of temperance, is making the tour of the globe; and it will, no doubt, effect a more speedy and complete moral reform, by the cleansing of the *prima via*, than those foes to spirituous liquors, through the medium of the obtuse brain.

An observation made every where else has been verified here, namely, that the cholera, in its severest form, proves fatal, almost without exception. Besides the cholera, there is but little sickness at Brünn; and chronic complaints are much slower than usual in their progress. I am thoroughly convinced, that if the cholera has occasionally been contagious, still its diffusion on a large scale depends on general causes. The establishment of cordons about countries, towns, or houses, is of no use; nay, it can only serve, by its moral effect upon the inhabitants, to aggravate the disease; and I hope that with you there will be no more talk of a manœuvre which reminds one too strongly of the peasants who went out with muskets against a swarm of locusts.

Tischnowitz, in Moravia: middle of December.

As the epidemic began to subside at Brünn, I resolved to follow it into the country, and have fixed my quarters in this place, where I enjoy excellent opportunities of making myself acquainted with Moravia and its inhabitants. The people are very poor, and in a very low stage of civilisation. Their huts are small and miserable; the floor is of clay, and the prodigious stove occupies one-fourth of the space. In such a hole dwell perhaps a dozen persons; they sleep some upon a wall behind the stove, and others in filthy beds; their chief, and frequently their only, food consisting of potatoes and turnips. Conceive what must be the effect of cholera under such circumstances. Though it has no very marked character in the country, still it carries off great numbers: there are parishes in which it has proved fatal to 1 in 6 of the population. In these wretched habitations the corpses are often left till their interment. You may enter huts where a couple of dead bodies are lying in one corner, and three or four sick in the others. I was lately in a village where the disease had just broken out. In the cottage attacked by it almost half of the small room was occupied by a loom, and this, together with two beds, the colossal stove, table, and benches, left scarcely space enough for one to stir. This place was inhabited by fifteen persons; three were already dead of the cholera; a fourth lay without hope of recovery. I opened the bodies in the passage, while the wind blew the snow in, and geese and hogs were going to and fro.

As yet we have in the country but little evidence in favour of contagion. At Brünn the first cases occurred among the soldiers brought from the Hungarian cordon to the military hospital of that town; and the first patient of the civil class was a young woman who lived near the hospital, and had a sweetheart there; and the second a female friend, who attended her during her illness. It is very difficult to come at facts of this kind, because the government, in contradiction to the Prussian, which decreed the cholera to be contagious, insists that it is not contagious, and its officers act accordingly. "If," said a physician to me in the genuine Austrian style, "you would distinguish yourself in your own country, you must uphold its miasmatic diffusion."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.



THE GARRICK CLUB PAPERS, NO. IV.

On Thursday the annual general meeting of the Garrick Club took place; the Earl of Mulgrave, President, in the chair. The laws and regulations by which the Society is to be governed were read and agreed to. The house having been found most commodious, power was given to the committee to elect a hundred members in addition to the original three hundred. The accounts, &c., were laid on the

table, and from every thing it appeared that the Club was flourishing and prosperous, and bade fair to realise the best hopes of its founders.

Honourable Conduct.—In connexion with the theatrical world, in which, we regret to confess, there is often too much of trickery and deceit, it affords us a high satisfaction to make public mention of the honourable conduct of an individual whose affairs have unfortunately had too much notoriety. We allude to Mr. Price, the late lessee of Drury Lane Theatre; and we presume to think that our statement cannot be considered as in the slightest degree encroaching upon private transactions—an offence of which, we trust, the *Literary Gazette* will never be guilty. At the period of Mr. Price's misfortune, when the affairs of Drury Lane came to a crisis, we were among those who heard, with much pain, the manager loudly and virulently condemned by many who had partaken largely of his hospitalities and favours—his boon companions at the table, his flatterers as a dramatic potentate, his apparent friends in every thing. It was the common way of the world, however; he was the stricken deer, and every one had a barb to aim at his heart and character. It might be just, but we were sure it was cruel; and we (never on intimate terms, though having met him agreeably in society) most sincerely pitied Mr. Price, both for the ill turn his speculation had taken, and for the obloquy to which it exposed him. Well, he was driven into bankruptcy, and after some time left England, covered with the odium of owing debts which he ought never to have contracted, and which he could not pay—guilt neither to be excused nor pardoned in this liberal, commercial, and law-ridden land. The Yankee was gone, having taken in friends and associates—he was gone never to return:—such was the language of the day, the talk of his quondam fellows; and hardly a voice was lifted to whisper a doubt of his not being quite so criminal—of his not deserving so utter a condemnation. To the honour of human nature, and to his own honour, be it recorded, that Mr. Price has, with all possible speed, returned to London, and, out of his own proper funds, liquidated every farthing he owed!! Among his debts, one for which he was most censured was that of a thousand pounds borrowed from Mr. Cooper—a man much esteemed, both as an actor and in private life—this has been repaid with full interest. The same may be stated with respect to all the rest of Mr. Price's obligations; and even where death had removed the claimant, and there was none to represent him, this worthy individual has sought out the nearest relatives, and insisted on their receiving the amount.

Can we do better than make this noble behaviour generally known, as a lesson to all men to be less prone to censure others—as an example to all men to meet misfortune and undeserved contumely with patience and fortitude, and to shew by their most speaking acts, how strong their conscience made them, and how much they were truly above the thoughtlessness which impugned, or the malignity which assailed them. We close with a tribute of dearer applause than ever theatre afforded him, and affix to this the name of STEPHEN PRICE!

The new bankrupt court, if bankrupt in any thing else, is not bankrupt in wit. Recently one of the inferior judges, whose salaries are, by the act, to be paid out of the fees, seeing that the whole amount was absorbed by the chief, observed to an associate on the bench, "Upon my word, R—, I begin to think that

our appointment is all a matter of moonshine." "I hope it may be so," replied R—, "for then we shall soon see the first quarter."

The same humorous judge had listened to a very long argument on a particular case in which the counsel rested much upon a certain act of Parliament. His opponent replied, "You need not rely on that act, for its teeth have been drawn by so many decisions against it, that it is worth nothing." Still the counsel argued on, and insisted on its authority; after listening to which for a good hour, his lordship drily remarked, "I do believe all the teeth of this act have been drawn, for there is nothing left but the jaw."

"Is it true that a number of new peers are to be made?" "Yes; I understand the House of Lords is really to be de-graded."

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

SATURDAY. *Il Barbiere*.—Another night of comparative misery, and we obliged to become accessaries to murder; for never do we recollect to have heard any music, good, bad, or indifferent, so hacked. We see no reason to change our former opinion of Albertine,—she was barely passable; and Curioni, as the Count, as tame as ever. Pionzi, as Basil, a *début*, reversed the old proverb, "little and good." Galli, as Figaro, was the only one of whom it is possible to say a word of praise; and though he exhibited rather too much animal vivacity, his execution of the music was unimpeachable.

After the opera, *La Sonnambule*, with Lecompte as La Sonnambule, which she played, or rather danced, with much spirit. One dance in particular was as light and as pretty as the most fastidious could wish, and strongly reminded us of the "queen of the dance," Taglioni. If we could find fault, it is that her dance, whilst artless, is too animated, and wants the same dreamy stillness as her walk.

Tuesday. *Elisa e Claudio*.—An unexpected and therefore a more delightful treat. Never was weary ear more rejoiced than ours by Mercadanti's pretty opera of *Elisa e Claudio*, admirably sung and well acted. Meric, the *Elisa*, more than fulfilled the expectations we had formed of her, both as an actress and cantatrice. She gave the music with a simpleness and sweetness that reminded us strongly of Veluti, especially in the air beginning *Vado—sente*; and in the finale, *Fight—sposo*. The duet with the *Marquess* was also extremely fine. Mariani, the Count, as his voice becomes used to the house, looses much of his coarseness; and we find that he can act and sing with good emphasis and feeling. In the concerted pieces his time is a great acquisition. Galli, as the *Marquess*, was less lively than on Saturday, and consequently better. With respect to the debutant, Monsieur Arnaud, we are sorry to say, Ah! no! The *Sonnambule* was repeated, and Lecompte was in her dance deservedly encored. With such performances as these, the Opera ought to be prosperous; and we are heartily glad to see the public favour so justly deserved.*

OLYMPIC.

Our pleasing Vestris has this week added two novelties to her already numerous list of attractions. *Woman's Revenge* is rather too sen-

* Our friend Mr. Adams, to whom we are indebted for our Meteorological Reports, is, we see, about to deliver a course of Lectures on Astronomy at this theatre, commencing on Friday next: it is a task to which he is fully competent, and we wish him every success.

timental for the Olympic; but *My Eleventh Day* is very lively,—we regret to add, rather broad.

STRAND THEATRE.

We are happy to see the exertions of the proprietors of this "minor" likely to be crowned with success. The pieces are all of them lively and amusing, and in general extremely well acted. Mrs. Waylett gets more charming every night.

On Thursday Captain Bell, an amateur we believe, and part proprietor of this theatre, tried a cast. He is too tall for so small a house, and withal too inexperienced for any stage.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The first concert of the season took place on Monday. The principal novelties were concertos of Mr. J. Field, a pupil of Clementi, who has been twenty years in Russia, and is accounted the first pianist in the north of Europe. He displayed first-rate abilities in style, tone, and expression. A Mr. Bohrer also made a very successful *début* with the violin.

VARIETIES.

Navarino.—A panorama of the battle of Navarino is among the latest Parisian novelties.

Earthquake.—An earthquake, the shock of which was in the direction of N. to S. was experienced on the 20th of January in Germany, upon a rather extended scale.

St. Simonien.—It appears that the expenses of the St. Simonien Society during the month of January last amounted to 112,317 fr. 92 c.; about 4,680*l.* sterling; a sum which indicates considerable activity and exertion.

The Ladye Chapel.—This ancient and interesting structure has not only been preserved, but the zeal of the friends of science having once been excited, it has been carried before a committee of the House of Commons (by 17 votes to 3) to extend the open space at the east end of St. Saviour's Church 130 feet. It is perfectly delightful to see even one object rescued from the degrading fangs of the pounds-shillings-and-pence-men.

Torture in Hanover.—We have no doubt that our kind-hearted Sovereign would be as much surprised and shocked as any of his British subjects, to be informed that the actual torture is still applied at this day to extort confession from criminals in his good kingdom of Hanover. This astounding fact we learn from a German periodical work of high repute, entitled, *Annalen der deutschen und ausländischen Kriminal-Rechtspflege*—Annals of Criminal Jurisprudence, German and foreign—published at Berlin, and edited by the Criminal-Director Hitzig. In the first volume of this publication for 1831, are reported several trials which took place in the Hanoverian dominions, and which furnish authentic evidence of the existence of the torture. It is there called by the modest appellations of the *verbal* and the *real territion*. The former threatens the torture, which the latter really inflicts. Their relation to each other appears from the following instance:—A woman had been brought by means of the verbal territion to confess that she had committed a theft. She subsequently recalled this confession, as one that had been forced from her. No regard was paid to this contradiction, and she was sentenced to confinement in the house of correction, because a recantation cannot be valid unless the real territion has been applied. We shall not

wonder, after this, to hear of trials for witchcraft in Hanover.

M. Ladvocat.—The Parisian booksellers have just sustained a severe misfortune in the person of one of their members, M. Ladvocat. Having in vain, since the revolution of July, contended against the elements of ruin which pressed upon him on all sides, he has at length sunk under the weight of above fifty bankruptcies. *Le Livre des Cent-et-un*, that manifold proof of the interest taken by French literature in a man who has spent his life in labouring for its prosperity, instead of saving the house of Ladvocat, has precipitated its destruction, though it is believed that the publication of this work will not be interrupted.

—*French Paper.*

French poetical Idea of a Dandy.—M. Pancelise, in warning his mistress against the fascinations of such an individual, calls him, "un millefleur Judas."

Young B. has fixed upon a certain day,
Twixt ten and one, his tailor's bill to pay.
Quere the odds it never will be done?
I quote his words—*exactly ten to one.*

T.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement*, No. IX. Mar. 9, 1832.]

We regret to hear that Lady Charlotte Bury's work, on the Three Tuscan Sanctuaries, is delayed for a very melancholy cause—the serious and alarming illness of Mr. Bury, who was to have etched the plates. Mr. B. has been seized with a complaint of a very painful and dangerous description, at Ardencaple Castle in Scotland, the seat of Lord John Campbell, her ladyship's brother; and the publisher must of course be desirous that the subscribers to the work should be aware of the circumstances that retard its appearance.

A Memoir of the Early Operations of the Burmese War, by Lieut. H. Lister Maw.

The Western Garland, a collection of original Melodies for the Piano-forte, by the leading Professors of the West of Scotland; the words by the Author of "the Chameleon."

A Treatise on the Preparation of Printing Ink, both Black and Coloured; by William Savage, author of "Practical Hints on Decorative Printing."

The Nautical Magazine, No. 1, we have just glanced at, and highly estimate. The British Magazine, No. 1, seems also to be a solid and meritorious periodical. Pierce Egan's Book of Sports, No. 1, another novelty, is recommended by the not Corinthian humour and knowledge of that writer.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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